

BICYCLING IMMORAL?—Miss Charlotte Smith Brings Up Some More Dreadful Charges.

SAID TO IMMORALITY.

Miss Charlotte Smith, the President of the Woman's Rescue League, Sends This Answer to Her Critics:

WHAT IMMODESTY
REALLY IS.

I've gone into this fight without gloves, and I'm still in the ring. I have read the criticisms on my attitude respecting bicycling, which were printed in your paper last Sunday. They are almost too feeble to deserve a reply.

This subject demands plain speaking. Ida Trafford Bell, one of my critics declares that among people who ride the bike the bond of brotherhood is so strong that every wheelman is the self-constituted protector of every woman on a wheel. I reply, decidedly, yes, that is quite true. This bond of brotherhood is best observed by visiting the road houses in the neighborhood of New York or any other city. Such resorts are frequented in great numbers by persons of both sexes on bicycles. A wheel periodical said recently that most of these houses are now owned by wheel syndicates. Let it go at that, if you like. What I am able to assert positively is that 90 per cent of all the road houses are resorts of evil. Ida Bell says that a woman "owns herself" when she rides a bike, and "requires no chaperon or other protector." That sounds well, doesn't it? A young woman, gently born and bred, provided with such modesty as becomes a maiden, needs only four or five lessons on the wheel to "own herself." She may then throw defiance to the winds, forsake the wing of her mother, and adopt instead as her protector any young man who may chance to strike her fancy. She requires no further guardianship, of course—simply because she rides a wheel! What a wonderful revolution in manners and morals is thus brought about by a machine! The bicycle, indeed, may be said to render morals unnecessary. Any young woman who owns a wheel may consider herself freed from the bondage of decorum, which has hitherto been regarded as a useful, if irksome, restraint upon inexperienced maidenhood. The wheel takes the place of a chaperon; for, as Ida tells us, "Every wheelman is the self-constituted protector of every woman on a wheel." God save the girls from such protectors, I say!

"Bold, indeed," says this critic, "would be he who would dare show the wheelwoman neglect or disrespect." Listen to that, now! In what a new and charming light does it reveal the average young man who rides a wheel—the knight of the road who peers at and sneers at, who would be incapable of taking even the slightest liberty with a bicycle girl! Under other circumstances he would not hesitate probably to kiss or even to squeeze her. If he had a chance, but her badge of freemasonry in the "brotherhood" of the bicycle renders her sacred in his eyes forevermore. It is a beautiful idea, I think. I would think it still more beautiful if I had not had so many such girls, and their offspring, on my hands, in connection with my work for the Woman's Rescue League.

One of my critics proudly declares that the "wheelwoman is everywhere." True; so she is. Everywhere, that is to say, except where she ought to be—at home, looking after the household and the babies. At "Dead Man's Curve," on Pennsylvania avenue, in Washington, stands a guard with a red flag. He told me yesterday that the wheelwomen would kill him yet; two of them had knocked him down that day. I am trying to hold up a danger flag—a flag of warning; in consequence, I am a mark for every wheelwoman, and some of them go so far as to assail my character on general principles. Just because my views differ from theirs. As for the babies, before long there will not be many to look after, if things go on at the present rate. Bicycle riding is not conducive to maternity. Anyway, the women will have no time to attend to domestic affairs; one may rock the cradle or ride a bike, but it is difficult to do justice to both avocations. However, what does that matter, so long as a woman can "own herself" and go abroad with men as familiarly as if they had a sex in common? I must say that I agree with Ida

Bell in her statement that "woman is a more healthy body and a more healthy mind." Unfortunately, I believe that the bicycle is the wrong medicine.

I admit that most of the women among the physical ills which the wheel is engendering are of my own sex. By the way, I want to say that only last week a bicycle concern offered me a silver-plated wheel and \$1,000 if I would write an endorsement of that particular machine as being, in my opinion, the most hygienic for women. I declined with thanks. I confess that I am down on bloomers, I believe in womanly woman, and I don't like the mannish style any more than I admire the feminine man. Let us have some distinctions as well as differences between the sexes. Your manly woman wants all the privileges of a man, and she expects to be treated as a lady besides. It isn't quite fair to have observed that the children brought into the world by women. I think that bicycling promotes shamelessness in women. A man with whom I am well acquainted, in Washington, tells me that he was approached, recently, by a young girl in a very surprising manner. She told him that her father could not afford to buy her a bicycle, but that she proposed to have one. Said she: "I don't care how I get it, if somebody will purchase it for me." The remark was made with such a meaning that he could not fail to understand. Yet he was a married man, and he had always supposed her to be a nice girl, though perhaps a little flighty. There is a lot of nonsense talked about the influence of the "beautiful grass" and the "pure air of heaven" upon the moral as well as the physical health of the bicyclist. Healthful exercise, it is alleged, cultivates good and moral thoughts. Well, that may be so, more or less; but I notice that at Harvard College the athletes are the most immoral young men in the University. It is they who most frequent the evil places, the keepers of which dread their visitations, because they commonly employ their muscles in smashing the furniture. Oh, I know the "rah, rah" boys and their ways! Every Saturday night, in a certain place, on Washington street, they have to be taken by the shoulders and literally thrown out of doors, when they get too gay. "Pure air of heaven," indeed. How I do hate humbug! And this world is full of it, too.

I have spoken of road houses. Those establishments, so commonly frequented by young men and young women on wheels, furnish a very large percentage of the recruits for much worse places. Perhaps you are not aware of the fact that New York City gives up 20,000 women annually to the minotaur of immorality. The average life of these girls, after they have taken up this mode of exercise, is about as follows: They case and drink quickly wipe them out, poor things! But their places are constantly filled by fresh recruits. Think of it! 100,000 girls thus sacrificed every five years in New York City alone! I have looked up the recruiting stations for these unfortunate in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. I have gone deeply into the subject in a practical way, and I find that the recruits are furnished to a large extent by road houses and wheel houses.

In conclusion, let me tell you something that will be news to you. Some of the insurance companies are refusing to pay policies for the sudden deaths of "scorches." I know three such cases now held up by one New York company—all Washington young men, the oldest under twenty-eight, who have died from too much wheel.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.



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IMMORAL, BECAUSE IT IS HEALTHY.

Hearst, Editor of the Journal: Bicycling cannot be immoral, because it is healthy. Whatever improves the body improves the morals.

Bicycling is moral, because it takes people out into the pure air of the fields, and scenes of nature and away from cities, which are centres of immorality. Immorality flourishes in the Tenderloin, and not in the farm-

in cities that pollute human nature, not the country. Bicycling up-strengthens those who are good, and it tends to improve and re-raise those who are bad by bringing them close to nature and amid scenes of beauty and splendor and away from the tawdry embellishments and luxury.

Immorality flourishes upon disease, which it creates in mind and body. Bicycling is death to all diseases of the body. It clarifies the mind, invigorates the blood and stimulates healthy emotions. The church has welcomed the bicycle. The saloon regards it as an enemy.

Bicycling has already hurt the rum traffic, the theatre and the concert. It will hurt them still more. "Soft drinks" have had a boom from it, while cigars and rum have declined in consumption. This ought to be the direction the bicycle tends. If it were immoral, the saloon would not fight the bicycle as it is doing.

HENRY SMITH.

VS BOTH MODESTY AND MORALITY.

New York Journal: I give my heartiest approval of what Miss Charlotte Smith says in her article on the influence of the bicycle.

Modesty is a pernicious invention, which carries a girl beyond the necessary restraints of her home. It is obvious that no imperious can follow a rogue and enthusiastic girl on a bicycle. The bicycle is an instrument which is free to go wherever her feet lead her, and in whatever company she may choose. Such a freedom from all control cannot be good for a young girl, and can only lead in the direction of relaxed morality.

The evil influence of the bicycle is also seen in the free and easy behavior which it promotes between young people of opposite sexes. Allowed to ride together without proper supervision for unlimited distances, they rest and refreshment in places which are often merely saloons. The exercise and consequent exhaustion and the absence of proper restrictions lead them to take their rest in a most unconventional manner. Often I have seen young women looking about the lawns of country houses in attitudes they would have considered shockingly immodest before the bicycle had done its work.

The bicycle has created a most grave and difficult situation for those who have the welfare and the modesty of our girls at heart, and if you can do anything to improve it you will be doing a great service.

THOMAS G. MATTHEWS.

SWIFT BOATS FOR POLICE.

The river pirates of New York are in a bad way. Always dangerous, their occupation is now desperate. By day they are closely watched. By night powerful search lights, flashing from swift naphtha launches, into the dark spots along the river, will make known their whereabouts and depredations.

For forty years the harbor police have been their terror. But the police have been very great disadvantage. They have to patrol the river front in heavy rowing boats. The boats were unwieldy, and the three officers who composed the crew of each rowboat were expert and experienced rowers, the pirates in their boats were frequently escaped.

These launches for harbor police have been put into active commission on Monday. A reporter for the Journal accompanied the first patrol from Pier A to the city.

The launches, fully equipped, cost \$1,700 each. They were specially constructed for the harbor police on the recommendation of Captain Schultz, of the police station at Pier A, and from models submitted by

The motive power is a naphtha engine. When running at full speed the launch consumes nine quarts of naphtha per hour. The running expenses for each launch are comparatively small—less than \$6 a day.

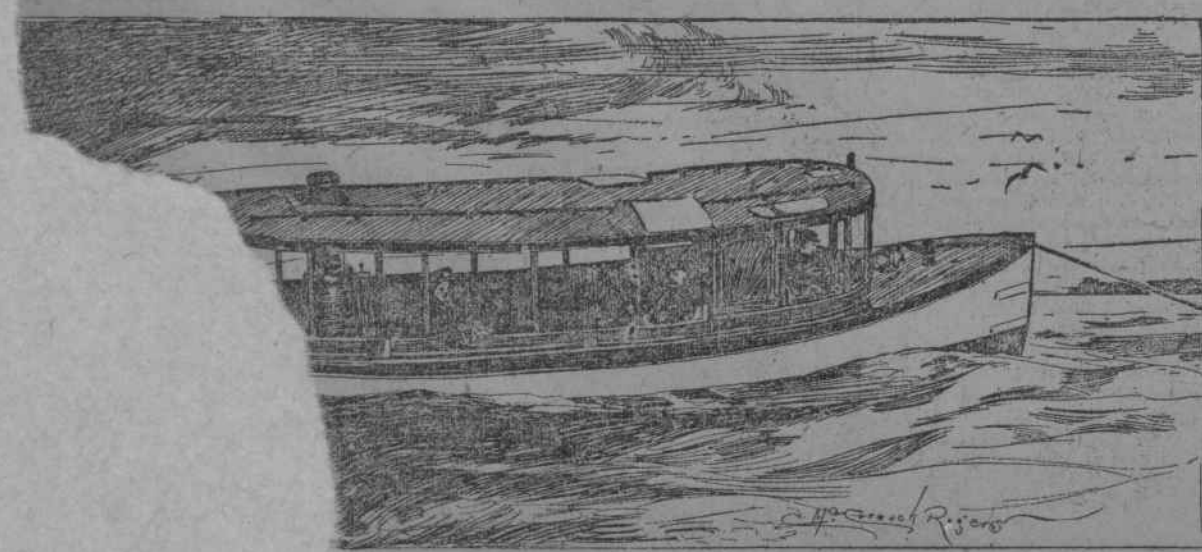
The launches are 30 feet long and 6½ feet beam. They have a draught of 2 feet, and thus can run in very shallow water. The hulls are painted white, and the interiors are varnished to resemble oak.

The crew of each launch consists of a roundsman and two policemen. One of the policemen acts as engineer, the other as a pilot. The roundsman acts as captain of the launch and gives orders.

The launches are numbered respectively 1, 2, 3 and 4. A blue flag with the word "Patrol" on it flies from the bow of each, while an American flag flies at the stern. Three of the launches will be in service constantly. The fourth will be held at "Pier A" as an auxiliary. "No. 1" does patrol duty from Fulton street on East River around the Bay to Fulton street on North River. "No. 2" covers the river front from Fulton street on East River to Glen Island and return. "No. 3" patrols from Fulton street on North River to Mt. St. Vincent and return.

Last Tuesday morning a Journal reporter accompanied the officers on launch "No. 4" on their initial trip around the city. The crew consisted of Roundsman Robert W. Clark, Pilot Peter D. Cardner and Engineer Archie McCallum.

The launch left "Pier A" at 10 o'clock,



The New Police Patrol Launch.

A Bicycle That Travels in the Water.



THE ODDEST CAR

It is a Motor Affair and Looks Like a Locomotive and Palace Combined.

A motor car of stylish design invented and is now being introduced presents many novel features. Like a composite miniature locomotive and a palace car, it is a most unusual sight. The two luxurious seats are not over three feet apart. There is a cover that looks formidable enough to the phant of the track, although probably come out of an engine or a cow sadly dismantled because of weight behind it.

This novel car, which is self-propelled, is a most powerful and efficient. It cannot approach a horse-drawn coach, but it can get at a pace that makes a new record for the motor car.

It is a very pleasant ride in this little flyer that can grade and swing around corners as easily as a locomotive. If thundering along behind, it easily lifts the motor car clear of the ground and passes.

cars has just been turned out by a Kalamazoo firm.

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NOW FOR THE HYDROCYCLE.

The first hydrocycle factory ever established is now in operation in Washington, on the bank of the Potomac River. Hydrocycle is the strictly technical name of the machine made, but most people call it the water bicycle.

It is the invention of L. V. Moulton, of Grand Rapids, Mich., the same man who invented the machine for sewing buttons on shoes.

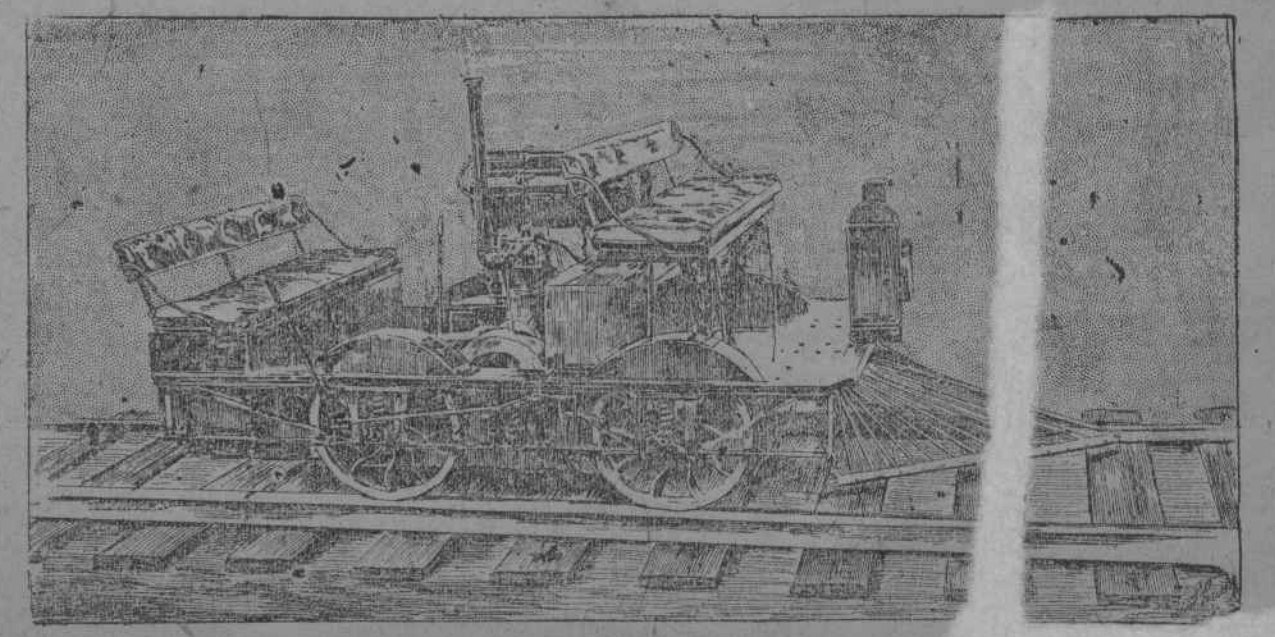
The hydrocycle is a machine about ten feet long, and carries two passengers. The lower part consists of two long, cigar-shaped cylinders of galvanized steel, painted black. At the end of each cylinder is a small rudder, which can be moved at the will of the operator in the seat. These cylinders are light and are fastened strongly together by steel bars, which hold them firmly and thus form the framework on which rest the other parts of the machine.

The floor is a strip of galvanized sheet, resting on the steel bars, and curving up in front like a toboggan. A few feet back of the curving prow is a seat, formed by placing a strong chair of wood in a con-

venient position. Back of the passenger's chair is the bicycle seat, where the driver sits, his feet resting on two pedals whose chains run from the crank to the wheel-house at the stern of the machine. In front of the driver are the handle-bars, which are used in the same manner as are those on a regular bicycle. For, by turning them, the two small rudders at the end of the cylinder may be guided in any direction.

Just at the rear end of the machine is the wheel which propels the whole affair. The wheel is a double one, having eight paddles, which strike the water alternately. They are fashioned just like the paddle-wheels in the river steamers, and are of galvanized steel. The front of the wheel-house is covered with a light framework of wood.

In front of the curving prow are two lights, for use at night. At the sides of the chair are two cranks, with which they, being connected with the pedals in the manner that is adapted to the use in crutches' chairs, the passenger may aid the driver by working with his hands. The weight of the whole machine is about 225 pounds and it is capable of carrying from 100 to 150 pounds. It is worked in exactly the same way that a bicycle is run and can make a speed of ten miles an hour without great exertion. On account of the two long, air-tight cylinders, four feet apart, it cannot upset, being a perfect catamaran.



A Motor Car That Goes Like the Wind.